

THE CORN HARVEST.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES A SEASONABLE TOPIC.

His Graphic Word Pictures of Rural Life In Autumn—The Heavenly Harvest, "Cometh as a Shock of Corn In His Season."

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WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—This sermon by Dr. Talmage is peculiarly seasonable at the present time, when the teeming harvests all over the land are awaiting the husbandman. His text is Job v, 26, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Going at the rate of 40 miles the hour a few days ago, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania or New Jersey or New York or New England or any of the country districts, you know that the corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Some time during the latter part of next month the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unshuck the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corncrib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others they stood blowing their breath through their fingers or thrashing their arms around their bodies to keep up warmth of circulation.

The Cornfield.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The with of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh and some shout and some sing and some banter and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide in a carriage that holds but two and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there are carnival and neighborhood reunion and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio, so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like as a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the king of terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to rosy June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party, or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt

the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

The Frost.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah, my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge on the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

Chronic Ailments.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm, you ought to say, "Thank God that is all past now, thank God I will never have to suffer that again, thank God I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice.

The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer. Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going around with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins."

"Nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world and nibbled on the other side by the devil and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins!

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked, and at last

go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighboring reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of a player have swept the chords.

The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides—from potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous.

Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well meaning disagreeables.

Husked Off.

Now in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "goodby" in all the air. No grave out in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprassus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in—out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing, and the ripping, and the twisting, and the wrenching, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. Oh, my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in 15 years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for 50 years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernatural society if I could reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 200 acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but 30 acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening at the close of

the husking day one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

A Picture of Heaven.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father, that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him. He is as young as any of us." And some will say: "Here is my darling child, that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A scepster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season.

Oh, I wish that the billions of bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality when all the shocks come in!

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us today to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying, "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard, but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

Oh, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers 20 or 40 years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Compliment That Cost a Barrel of Apples.

A Stafford Springs man will probably use discretion hereafter in distributing compliments. He had been collecting rents among the Italian tenements, and at one house he commented to the housewife on her baby. In a joking way he told the woman he would give her a rooster for the baby. She did not seem then to be impressed with the offer, but a few days' deliberation and probable consultation with her husband had another effect, for on the following Sunday she appeared at the man's house and offered the baby, at the same time demanding the rooster. It required a great amount of argument and explanation to convince the woman that there was no market for her child, even at such a reasonable price, and she could not be persuaded to take it home again until she had been promised a barrel of apples.—Rockville (Conn.) Journal.

A Curious Study.

An index of first lines is sometimes a curious study of abbreviations. There is a hymnbook used in the Methodist churches of this vicinity in which the index of first lines has been made up with such economy of typographical space that words are cut in two without the slightest reference to syllables, so that one finds such gems as the following:

We journey through a vale of te
That glory glides the sacred pa
O thou to whom in ancient tim
Only waiting till the shad

—Boston Transcript.

The Klondike Craze as a Lure For Dupes. Living Advertisements In Gotham—Two New Plays.

[Special Correspondence.]

Of the numerous crazes which have come to the surface within the last few years there has probably been none which has been so prolific of "fake" schemes for enticing money from the pockets of the unwary as the Klondike fever. A man who is in a position to know whereof he speaks said a few days ago that a large majority of these exploration companies were so designed that in no case could the organizers lose a dollar, while if things panned out all right they "stood to win" heavily. With the investor who puts his hard earned savings in the exact reverse is the case. He is likely to lose, but may possibly win a trifle under the most favorable conditions. In other words, the promoter is speculating with his customer's money. It's pretty nearly a case of "heads I win, tails you lose." Naturally there are some of these enterprises which are thoroughly legitimate and honestly conducted, but they are in the minority. Incidentally if those who are supposed to be on the inside may be relied upon, the number of persons who are anxious to acquire great wealth through the investment of a few thousands in these exploration companies is not as great as it was fondly anticipated it would be. Still there have been enough to insure the sending of a small army of men to the Klondike next season for the purpose of locating claims for which the investors have already paid their good hard cash. Some will find them and some may even turn them over when found to the company which sent them out, but there are certain to be many who will be foolish enough to forget the ethics of honesty sufficiently to hold on to the good things themselves.

A "Sandwich Man" Company.

There is probably no class of men who are so constantly on the hunt for novelties as the gentlemen who, for a small commission, agree to advertise and thereby introduce to the favorable notice of the public new goods for which it is desired to create a seeming demand which will induce the dealers to realize that it will be profitable to lay in a stock. As soon as a novelty is found it is used to such an extent that it rapidly passes into the state of "chestnutry," but the hunt goes on unabated, and the fellow who can get up some original scheme for the inexpensive promotion of publicity is always assured of a fair remuneration for his ideas. The latest thing to be adopted in this city is nothing more or less than a variation of the old sandwich scheme, in which a man walks between two large signs extolling the virtues or merits of a certain remedy or shoe or corset. This does not seem to be startlingly original, and yet it is good enough to induce men who are posted in such matters to organize a company for the purpose of doing advertising for outsiders on these lines. This concern's object is to furnish living advertisements on various goods.

Living Advertisements.

The sandwich man has had his day. No more will he step along blithely as in early spring he feels the sap stir in his boards. No more will the wooden signs "Use Perry's pain puncturer" assail our eyes from car windows. All that will be a thing of the past. Henceforth we will have living, moving, speaking advertisements. For instance, when you see a man with a rubicund nose, a beatific look and divergent, undulating footsteps, carrying a portly jag wrapped loosely about him, be prepared to notice on his back the legend: "Where did I get it? Why, at the Lusher's Delight."

From the emphysemous nose may swing a placard, "For delirium tremens try Jagley's whisky."

Practical Applications of the Idea.

Moreover, soubrettes, clad in the most symmetrical of tight, may roam upper Broadway, their silken incasings being labeled, "Wear Smythe's symmetricals," or "We all use Fairbrother's fishings."

Then the "L" station blind man with the pencils can throw away his pity rousing sign and put in its place a card reading: "I am blind. Drop a nickel in the cup to help me buy Swift's sight restorer."

The man whom an enforced diet of air has reduced to a skeleton may earn honest shakels by asserting aloud in the highways and byways:

"I weighed 240. I took one bottle of Allbone's antiflat. See me now."

Altogether New York will be a merry old town when the new company gets fairly down to work.

Insist on Women Your rights

in small, as well as matters of greater moment. Most every woman in New England has used

WELCOME SOAP

and knows its merits. Haven't you? Why do you not use it now? Stop and analyze—not the soap, for analysis shows THAT to be perfect—but the reason that you have stopped using it. A few moments' thought will show you it is because your dealer recommends and forces on you some other make. He has a reason for doing this. It is that other brands pay larger profits, and because he can make more he does not care that you are obliged to work harder, get less satisfactory work and see your clothes wear out quicker on account of the inferior article that he sells you. Think of this and do not be imposed upon. Insist on what you know is right and get what you want. Come back again to Welcome Soap and you will realize it has no equal.



Invariably and Infallibly

Imparts new life and vigor to the whole system—
Restores the stomach to healthy activity—
Cures indigestion in all its forms—
Re-establishes the full natural strength of the nerves—
Cleanses, smooths and beautifies the skin—
Tones up the system, brightens the brain, and

Makes Life Again Worth Living

100c the Bottle—1c the Dose.

Get it of any Druggist, or

THE JAMES W. FOSTER CO.,
BATH, N. H.

Orleans Trust Co.,
Newport, Vt.,

JULY 1, 1897.

RESOURCES:

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Investments in Orleans Co., Vt., | \$283,479.91 |
| Other loans in Vermont, | 2,320.00 |
| Cash on hand and on deposit in | |
| National banks, | 36,628.73 |
| Loans on first mortgages outside of Vermont, | 64,642.45 |
| Other loans outside of Vermont, | 400.00 |
| Real estate, | 7,000.00 |
| City and school bonds, | 5,200.00 |
| Accrued interest, | 8,208.98 |
| | \$419,769.46 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in, | \$50,000.00 |
| Due 1603 Depositors, | 353,631.83 |
| Treasurer's Checks outstanding, | 2,955.22 |
| Due State of Vermont, Taxes, | 1,038.10 |
| Unearned Discounts, | 167.29 |
| 3 per cent dividend to stockholders, payable today, | 1,500.00 |
| Undivided profits, | 9,952.02 |
| Total, | \$419,769.46 |

GUARANTY FUND.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in, | \$50,000.00 |
| Additional liability of stockholders, | 50,000.00 |
| | \$100,000.00 |

This institution transacts a general banking business. No mortgages taken without an examination of the security by an officer of the bank, the expenses of which the borrower is expected to pay. Esquires of patrons, and others, will receive prompt attention.

C. A. PROUTY, President.
P. J. FARREL, Treasurer.
F. S. Tinkham, Ass't Treas.

HARROWS.

Spring Tooth or Wheels, Disc, Morgan Spading and Smoothing, Corn Planters and Weeders.

SEEDS

Lower than ever. Timothy, Clover, Hungarian, Peas, Sanford Corn and Garden Seeds.

PAINTS AND OILS.

Full line Pure Lead, Zinc, Monarch Mixed Paint Masonry, R. R. Colors, Gypsum, &c.

BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS.

NAILS.

Wire, Plain and Barbed. Lime, Flour, Sugar Salt. All bought in car lots

W. C. Twombly, Barton Landing

Not many miles to

COWLES' MUSIC STORE,
Newport, Vt.

COWLES sells McPhail, Miller, Mathushek Bourne, and other Pianos. Lehr, Wilcox & White, Chicago Cottage, and other Organs, and is always glad to see you at his Bright Store, in Central Block.

Sells the best of everything that makes or pertains to MUSIC on easy terms.

A full line of Autoharps. Catalogue free.

A. R. COWLES.

Barton Savings Bank

TRUSTEES:

H. R. CUTLER, H. C. PIERCE,
W. W. MILES, P. W. DAVISON,
J. E. DWINELL, M. B. CHAFFEY,
C. W. BRYANT, C. W. WHEELER,
F. W. BALDWIN.

Receives and pays deposits daily; deposits made on either of the first three business days of any month, draw interest from the 1st. Interest will be credited to depositors Jan. 1st and July 1st, compounding twice a year. All taxes in this state are paid by the Bank on deposits of \$1500 or less; deposits are received in sums from \$1 to \$1500. No money loaned to any officer or trustee of the Bank. It is conducted on the basis that absolute safety is of greater importance than high rates of interest. Money all loaned in Orleans Co.

Henry R. Cutler, President.
Horace C. Pierce, Vice Pres.,
Leslie J. Harriman, Treas.